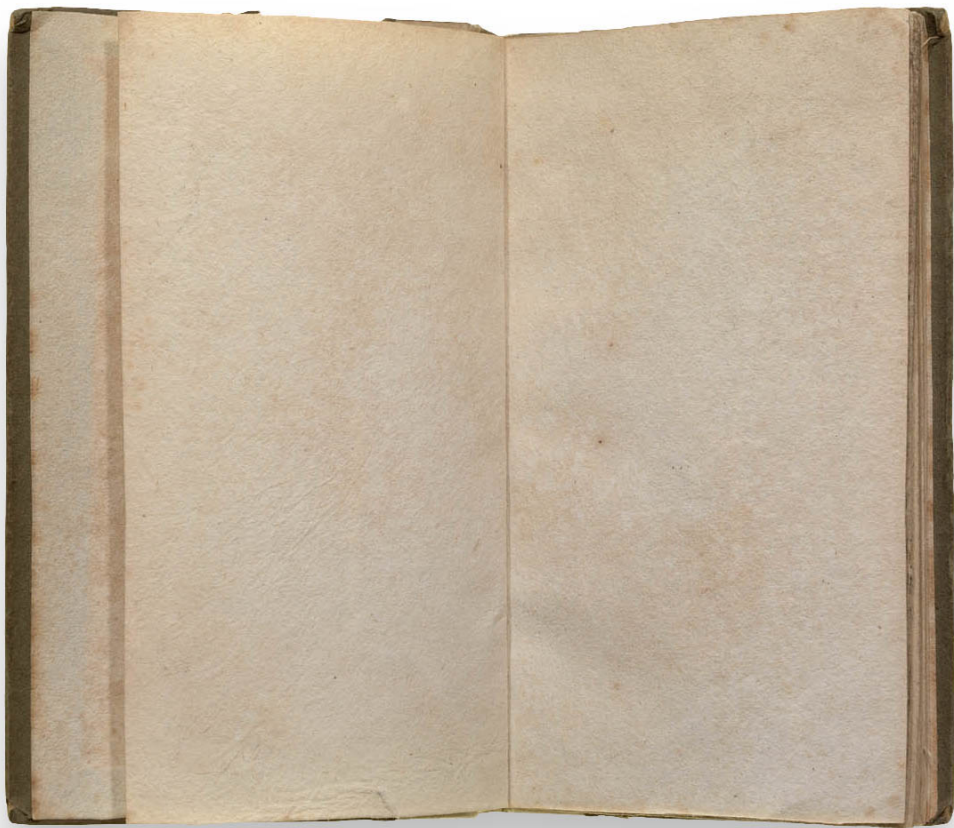


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Douce  
Add. 294





Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

THE  
HISTORY  
*M A* OF *Haskell*  
Sir Richard Whittington,  
AND *1799*  
HIS CAT.

*1788*  
SHEWING

How from a poor Country Boy, destitute of Parents or Relations, he attained great Riches, and was promoted to the high and honourable Dignity of Lord Mayor of London.

Adorned with CUTS.

COVENTRY:  
Printed and Sold by M. LUCKMAN.

[Price ONE PENNY.]

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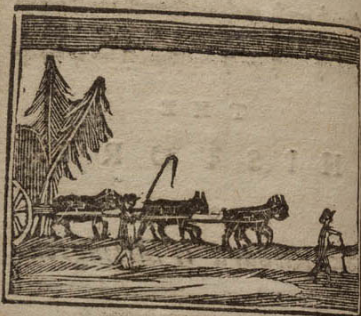
*M. E. Asholl. 1819.*

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*Sir Richard Whittington.*

**D**ICK WHITTINGTON, the hero of this History, was but a little boy when his father and mother died; so young indeed, that he neither knew them, nor the place where he was born. After strolling about the country as ragged as a colt for some time, he met with a waggoner going to London, who gave him leave to walk all the way by the side of his waggon, without paying any

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thing for his passage, which very much pleased little Whittington, as he wanted sadly to see London, for he had often heard the streets were paved with gold, and his intention was to get a hatful of it: But how great was his disappointment, poor boy, when he saw the streets covered with dirt instead of gold, and found himself in a strange place, without food, without friends, and without money! For though the waggoner

was

was kind enough to let him walk all the way to town by the side of his waggon for nothing; he took care not to know him when he got there, so the poor lad was in a little time so exceedingly distressed, that his life became a burthen to him, and he frequently wished to be again in the country by a warm fire side.

In this state of distress, Dick asked charity of several people; one of them said, *Go to work, you idle rogue.* That I will, says he, with all my heart; I'll work for you if you'll let me. The man thinking the expression impertinent (though in fact the boy intended only to shew his readiness to work) gave him so violent a blow on his head with his walking stick, that the blood ran plentifully down his face.

In this pitiable situation, and half dead for want of food, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a merchant. Cicely, the

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cook-maid, first saw him sitting there, and she being a cruel hully, told him to go about his business, or she would throw a saucepan full of scalding water on him. At this moment the merchant came home from 'Change, and he also began to scold the boy for sitting at the door, and bid him go to work. Whittington answered, that indeed he would work if any one would employ him, if it was only for some victuals, for that he had eat nothing these three day past; that he was a poor country boy who knew nobody, and nobody would employ him. He then endeavoured to get up, but was so very weak, that he fell down again; which excited so much compassion in the merchant, that he ordered the footman to take him in, and give him meat and drink, and to let him help the cook to do any dirty work in the kitchen which she chose to set him about.

People

People in general are too apt to reproach beggars with idleness; many of them, I confess, are fitter objects for the whipping post, than to be relieved, but surely, to be blind, sick, lame, aged, and poor, are not imaginary evils; and a moment's reflection must, I think, convince the good heart, that to give a trifle is the least we can do for a fellow-creature, when distressed with such infirmities.

I remember a circumstance of this sort, which Sir William Thompson told my father, with tears in his eyes, and it is so affecting, that I shall never forget it.

When Sir William was in the Plantations abroad, one of his friends told him he had an indented servant, whom he had just bought, that was his countryman, and a lusty man, but he is so idle, says he, that I cannot get him to work. Ay, says Sir William, let me see him: They walked out together, and found the

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man



man sitting on a heap of stones. Upon this Sir William, after enquiring about his country, asked why he did not get up and work? I am not able, answered the man. Not able, says Sir William, I am sure you look very well; give him a few stripes. Upon this the planter struck him several times, but the poor man still kept his seat. They then left him, and went over the plantation together, exclaiming against his obstinacy all the way they went. But how surprised were they on their return, to find the poor man fallen off the place where he had been sitting, and dead. — The cruelty, says Sir William, of my ordering the poor creature to be beaten, while in the agonies of death, lies always next my heart. It is what I shall never forget, and it will ever prevent my judging rashly of people who appear in distress. —

But we must now return to Whittington

He would have lived happy enough in this worthy family, had he not been so bumped about by his mistress, the cook: she must always be roasting and basting; and when the spit was still, she employed herself in basting about poor Whittington, till Miss Alice, his master's



daughter was informed of it, who took compassion on the poor boy, and made her treat him more kindly.

Besides the crossness of the Cook

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Whit

Whittington had another difficulty to get over before he could be happy. He had, by order of Mrs. Fitzwarren, a flock bed placed for him in the garret, where there were such a number of rats and mice, that they often ran over his face, and disturbed him when asleep. However, after a little time, a gentleman came on a visit to his master's, who, for cleaning his shoes, and running of several errands, gave Whittington a penny; this penny he carefully put by, intending to lay it out in the first cat that was to be sold: a few days after, he saw one in a woman's arms, but she asked a great deal of money for the cat, and began to enumerate all her good qualities; however Whittington's lamentable story, and his declaring he had but one penny in the world, excited the poor woman's pity, and she let him have the cat.

Away runs Whittington joyfully  
into

into the garret at once, for had Cicely the cook, seen him with her,



'tis more than probable she would have been angry: And here Grimalkin

malkin soon destroyed or frightened away all the rats and mice, so that the poor boy could now sleep as sound as a top.

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, called all his servants together, as was his custom, and proposed that each should send something as a venture to try their fortune with; and whatever they sent, was to pay neither freight nor custom: every servant appeared, except Whittington, for as he had neither money nor goods, he could think of nothing to try his fortune with: but his friend, Miss Alice, thinking it was poverty that kept him back, ordered him to be called, and generously offered to lay down something for him herself, but Mr. Fitzwarren said that would not do, it must be something of his own. I have nothing in the world, said Whittington, but a cat, which I bought for a penny: Fetch the cat, my

my boy, said the merchant, and send her; which he did, but it was with tears he delivered her to the cap-



tain, for now, said he, I shall be devoured by the rats and mice as much as ever. The company laughed at the oddity of the adventure, and Miss Alice gave him money to buy another cat with.



While puss was beating the billows at sea, poor Whittington was cruelly beaten at home by the cross cook, who made sport with him for sending his cat to sea. At last the poor boy, not being able to bear the ill usage any longer, determined to run away. He packed up his few



things, and set out very early in the morning, on Allhallow's-day: having

ing travelled as far as Holloway, he sat himself down to rest on a stone, which to this very day goes by the name of Whittington's stone, when Bow Bells began ringing, and his imagination fancied they invited him to return, by expressing the two following lines:—

Turn again Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Mayor of London, said Whittington to himself; what would one not endure to arrive at the honour of riding in such a grand coach with eight horses: well, I'll e'en go back, and bear all the pummelling of Cicely, rather than lose the pleasure of being Lord Mayor. So home he runs, and got into the house, before Mrs. Cicely made her appearance, and it was lucky he did, else he had received a good trimming for being absent; but he, like a good boy, resolved

solved, for the future, to bear all hardships, rather than be inconstant and wavering in his settlement, for he had often heard people say, that a rolling stone never gathers moss; and indeed it was sufficiently verified in the life of Whittington, for had he continued running from his place, instead of running to it again, 'tis more than probable the great success which attended his adventures would never have benefitted him.

The ship which carried out the cat, was many times very near being lost, and after contending with boisterous seas, double the time they had provision for, they had the comfort to discover land, and it was happy they did, for the shortness of their provisions had obliged the captain to fix the very next day for the ship's crew to cast lots, which five should die, for their bodies to supply the remainder with food; but pro-

vidence was kind enough to prevent this horrid act, though an act of necessity, and which I fear too frequently happens to the brave crews of many a ship, which we never hear more of. But I observed they were fortunate enough to reach land, and tho' it was on the coast of Barbary, entirely inhabited by Moors, great was their joy in having escaped the dangers that surrounded them at sea. The first thing the captain did on shore, was to collect the ship's company together, and on their knees return Almighty God thanks for their wonderful preservation. The inhabitants received them very kindly, and the captain shewed them different samples of his cargo, which pleased them mightily; and the King and Queen invited the captain and factor to dine with them at the palace, which was about a mile from the sea. Here they were seated on elegant chairs, the floor covered with

with carpets, flowered with gold and silver, and the King and Queen being seated at the upper end of the table, dinner was brought in, which consisted of the greatest dainties, in a number of covered dishes; but the moment the covers were taken off, an amazing number of rats and mice jumped on the table, and devoured the whole dinner. The factor, in great surprize, turned to one of the nobles in waiting, and asked if the vermin were not offensive? Oh yes, said he, very offensive, and the King would give half his treasure to be rid of them; for they not only eat his food, but they assault him in his chamber; nay, even in bed, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is sleeping, for fear of them.

The factor jumped for joy, immediately recollecting Whirtington's cat, and told their Majesties that there was a small creature on board his ship would dispatch them presently.

The King was so agitated with pleasure at this news, that his turban dropped from off his head. Let the creature be brought, said he, immediately, and if she performs what you promise, that of driving the vermin from my court, which I think impossible, I will, in exchange for her, load your ship with gold, and the richest jewels of my country. The factor took this opportunity to extol Mrs. Puss, by telling his majesty it would be inconvenient for him to part with her, as the rats and mice might then destroy the goods in his ship, but that to oblige his majesty he would fetch her. Run, run, said the Queen, I am impatient to see the dear creature.

The factor immediately went for puss, and another dinner was provided for the company, which the rats and mice were again devouring, just as the factor returned with her. Like lightning she sprung out of his arms



arms on the floor, and presently killed and drove away every rat and mouse from the room.

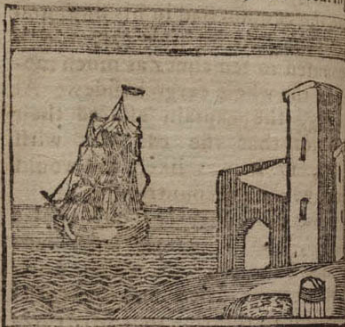


The King was astonished to see a small creature drive away, in a moment, all his old enemies, and the Queen begged to have her brought near her. At first she was afraid of the puffs, but when the captain stroked her, and the good-natured animal kept purring and singing, the Queen took the cat in her lap, and the

she presently sung herself to sleep. Now the King, according to his promise, bought all the merchandise the captain had in his ship, and then paid him for the cat, which amounted to ten times as much money as the whole cargo besides. At parting, the captain assured their majesties that the cat was with young, so it was likely she would stock the whole country.

It was on that very day twelve months, and about the same hour in the morning, on which Dick Whittington fancied Bow-bells advised him to return, that Mr. Fitzwarren, who was a very early riser, was sitting in his counting-house, and heard a tap at the door; who is there? said the merchant, a little surprised, for the hour was too early for business: a friend, replied the other: What friend comes at this unseasonable hour? A real friend, said the other, should come, I think, never

never unseasonably. I have brought you good news of your ship Unicorn. The merchant, on hearing



that, bustled so hastily, that his gout was entirely forgot, and immediately admitted the captain and factors. They presented him with the bill of lading, and the casket of rich jewels, which his cargo had fetched. Mr. Fitzwarren then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for so prosperous a voyage. Then

they shewed him the caskets of diamonds and rubies, which they received in exchange for Dick Whittington's cat, which surprised him beyond description; and with the utmost eagerness he cried out,

Go call poor Dick, and tell him of his fame;  
Now Mr. Whittington shall be his name.

Though it might be difficult to prove Mr. Fitzwarren a good poet, we think it in our power to convince the reader he was a good man; for when he was told the treasure was too much for such a lad as Dick, he angrily replied, "God forbid that I should deprive him of a single penny of it; it is all his own, and he shall have it to a farthing." and ordered Mr. Whittington to be called into the parlour. Dick, who was cleaning the kitchen, endeavoured

ed to excuse himself, saying the floor was just rubbed, and his shoes were dirty and full of hobnails. The merchant however made him come



in, and ordered a chair to be set for him. Dick, thinking they intended to make sport with him, begged his master not to mock a poor simple lad who intended them no harm and hoped they would let him go about his business. The merchant then took him by the hand, and

said, Mr. Whittington, I am in earnest; I sent to congratulate you on the surprising success of your cat; she hath produced you more riches than I am worth, and may you live long to enjoy them. Dick fancied himself in a dream, but when they opened the caskets, and shewed him the treasure, which they assured him was entirely his own property, he fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for his great care of so insignificant a creature as he was, and then laid the whole treasure at his master's feet, begging him to accept it; this Mr. Fitzwarren refused, saying, he heartily rejoiced at his prosperity, and hoped it would be a comfort to him, and make him happy. Mr. Whittington then applied to his mistress, and his good friend Miss Alice, who likewise refused taking the smallest part of it. Mr. Whittington then rewarded the captain, factor, and all the ship's crew,



crew, for the care they had taken of his cargo, and distributed presents to all the servants, even his old enemy the cook; "for good men soon forgive trifling injuries."

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised Mr. Whittington to send for the necessary tradesmen, to dress him suitable to his fortune; and also made him an offer of his house to live in till he could provide himself with better. Now as wealth greatly contributes to a man's confidence, Mr. Whittington in a little time that sheepish behaviour, which occasioned by a depression of the spirits, and soon grew a sprightly and agreeable companion.

Miss Alice, who always viewed him with an eye of compassion, looked on him in another light, which probably was occasioned by his readiness to oblige her, and by making her presents of such things as he knew she was fond of.

Mr. Fitzwarren discovered their mutual regard, he proposed a match, to which both joyfully consented; a day was fixed for the ceremony, and a number of friends were invited to the wedding.



The day was spent with the greatest happiness to the bride and bridegroom, and festivity to the company. History further tells us, that they were esteemed the happiest couple in England; they had several children, and both lived to a good

good old age. In the year 1214 he served the office of Sheriff, and was three times Lord Mayor of London. In the last year of his Mayoralty just after the conquest of France, he entertained King Henry the V. and his Queen, when his Majesty was heard to say, "Never King had such a subject;" which being told Mr. Whittington, he replied, "Never had subject such a King." At his Majesty's, before he left the city in consideration of Mr. Whittington's great merit, conferred the honour of Knighthood on him.

Sir Richard, many years before his death, constantly fed great numbers of the poor. He built a church and a college to it, with an yearly allowance for poor scholars, and near it erected an hospital. He built Newgate for criminals, and gave liberally to St. Bartholomew's hospital, and to other public charities.

